

pillar snugly wrapped up in his home-made blanket fastened tightly to the glass. So he stood the glass against the wall on the mantel in his room and there it stayed all winter.

But one day in April a strange thing happened. Madge had just gotten out of bed when she heard Uncle Ted calling her from his room. "Oh, Madge, come here as quickly as you can." So she ran just as she was in her little white nightie. And there, on Uncle Ted's mantel, was a lovely butterfly.

"Oh, Uncle Ted, how did it get here? Did it fly in your window?"

"No, dear! It crept out of its winter blanket."

And then Uncle Ted showed her the cocoon, as he called the blanket which the caterpillar had made. There was a hole at one end, and out of that the ugly green worm, now changed into a fairy-like insect, had crept to spend its second summer floating in the air and sipping sweets from flowers.—McCall's Magazine.

TOGGLES BORROWS A BIRTHDAY.

When he had said "good-by" to them, he came back into the house. The sitting-room was all in confusion, for there they had played blind man's buff; in the dining-room, where they had eaten supper, stood the dishes still upon the table, and the seven candles all ranged around the plate which held the birthday cake; in the bedroom were the presents, and as Toggles thought of all that long and happy day, there came into his throat a strange feeling.

"Grandpa," he said, "were you ever so happy that you couldn't talk about it?"

"Yes," answered grandpa.

"Then you know," said Toggles. "Why, grandpa, if God should say to me right now, 'Toggles, what could I do to make you gladder yet?' all I could say would be, 'Let me have it again, another day.' But a boy never has but one seven-year-old birthday, does he?"

"No."

"And never any kind of birthday but only once a year, does he?"

"Not usually."

"Not usually! Why, he doesn't—does he, grandpa? How could he?"

"He might borrow one," suggested grandpa.

Toggles laughed aloud.

"How could he do that, grandpa?"

"Well, I knew a boy once who had a lot of fireworks, but when the Fourth of July came, he was sick, and so he gave them to some other boys to shoot off."

Toggles smiled, for he remembered, too.

"And if a boy had a birthday he couldn't use, or didn't know how to use, it seems to me he might give it to another boy to celebrate."

"I believe," said Toggles, "that would be almost as much fun as your really own birthday."

"I think so, too," answered grandpa; "and if you want me to, when I go to town tomorrow, I'll see if I can find anybody who will loan you a birthday."

So next afternoon, when grandpa drove back from town, the first question Toggles asked was:

"Did you find a boy who would loan me his birthday?"

"No," answered grandpa; "but I found a girl."

Somehow a girl's birthday had not been just what Toggles had expected.

"She wasn't a little girl," grandpa went on; "she's eighteen, but you couldn't really call her quite grown up; she hasn't learned to talk yet."

"When does it come?" asked Toggles; for it seemed altogether hopeless to try to understand about a girl eighteen years old who hadn't learned to talk.

"To-morrow. We'll have to hurry to get ready. I suppose we ought to have a cake."

"Surely."

"Well, I bought the eighteen candles."

"That custard with the white on top was very good," suggested Toggles.

"We will ask grandma about that," said grandpa; and so they went inside.

Early next afternoon they started for town, they two alone together in the buggy, with the big box which held the things. Just where they were to go was a secret, so Toggles asked no questions; but he was surprised when they stopped at the big schoolhouse.

There were only four children in the room they entered, and all, grandpa told him, were deaf; not one of them could hear as he could. At first he watched them at their regular school work, and wondered to find them learning to say words, some of them quite plainly. He wondered, too, at the way they understood, for their eyes did their hearing, and by the motion of their teacher's lips they could tell what she said. Toggles talked with them, too, and saw the things they had made—the pictures, and baskets, and notebooks.

Afterward, when school was over, they lighted the candles, and the girl who had loaned Toggles her birthday, cut the cake, and passed it first to them and then to the others. After the cake, they had nuts and candy and the custard with the white on top, and everything was passed by the girl who had loaned Toggles her birthday.

When they had finished eating, they played drop the handkerchief, and before they had begun to think that it was time, the father of one of the little deaf girls had come to take her home.

"Grandpa," said Toggles, as they were driving back, "that's a good school. Why, the teacher told me that that birthday girl was just wild at first, and when they went to see if she would come to school, she ran and hid under the bed. But now she seems to be quite a nice girl. It was very kind of her to loan me her birthday. I had a good time. Didn't you?"

"Yes," answered grandpa, "and I think she did, too." —S. S. Times.

Jacob's ladder has its foot where rests the head of any trusting disciple, in every clime, under every sky; its top is in the light that always shines undimmed—the heavenly glories.